

# The Critic

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# The Critic

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## Our Public Schools

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS of the city of New York have been a byword for nearly a generation. Inadequate, ill ventilated and poorly lighted, a large number of the school buildings were worse than some of the tenement houses from which the children in them came. The discipline they received there was mechanical and rigorous, while the instruction given varied all the way from good in a few schools, through fair in a few more, to positively bad in the majority. Large numbers of the principals and teachers had secured their places through personal or political influence, after passing the very formal and machine-like examinations set by the Superintendent of Schools to test their knowledge and ability. The rules governing the removal or dismissal of incompetent teachers were of such a character that no teacher, not convicted of flagrant dishonesty or open immorality, could be removed or dismissed. As a result, there may be seen in the New York schools to-day scores of teachers who have neither the scholarship nor the cultivation that are absolutely essential in those who are to exercise an elevating and refining influence on growing children; and it is impossible to get rid of them. All this was, and is, the result of a system of organization and administration that removed the schools from the care and oversight of the people at large, and entrusted them in great measure to the charge of wholly unknown and irresponsible ward officers, known as Trustees, who worked in the dark. The intelligent citizenship of New York, where more than \$5,000,000 is expended annually for school purposes, would not permit for a moment such a condition as exists, if it were informed as to the facts. That the teachers are appointed, sites selected and repairs made by twenty-four local boards, the members of which are often Tammany district leaders, or ward politicians, or self-seeking demagogues, is a fact of which the people of New York are, as a whole, entirely ignorant.

The abuses of this system have become so flagrant, and the inefficiency of the schools has been so long-continued, however, that for two or three years past public opinion has been waking up to an understanding of the situation. A commission of five gentlemen, appointed by the authority of the Legislature, and a sub-committee of the Committee of Seventy, carefully investigated the subject, and both came unanimously to the conclusion that the control of the schools must be centralized in a single, responsible Board of Education, and that the educational administration of the system must be separated from the business administration, both being put in charge of paid expert officers. These conclusions immediately received the hearty support of the newspaper press of New York and also of instructed public opinion. They were embodied in the form of the so-called Pavey Bill of last winter, which, after passing the Assembly, despite the furious and unscrupulous opposition of those who are now controlling the schools, was defeated in the Senate by a political combination in which every Tammany Hall Senator figured.

Since the defeat of the Pavey Bill, the subject has been taken up by the Board of Education, under the lead of a Tammany Hall lawyer whom Mayor Strong unfortunately allowed to remain in office. After much discussion, the so-called Strauss Bill has been prepared and will soon come before the Legislature for consideration. It was endorsed by the supine majority of the Board of Education, the six gentlemen who voted in the negative being denied the privilege of having a brief statement of the reasons for their dissent recorded in the minutes. This Strauss Bill is an attempt to appear to reform the school system without in reality doing anything of importance, except to rivet the abuses of local

control more firmly on the schools than ever, by confirming the powers of the School Trustees and nearly doubling their number. The last step has been taken in order to silence the complaints as to the unequal distribution of patronage, some of the present wards having few or no schools, while others have a large number. By substituting forty-five equal districts for twenty-four unequal wards, it is hoped that the patronage will be distributed with substantial equality.

It is sheer impudence to apply the name of "school reform bill" to such a measure as Mr. Strauss has wheedled and bulldozed a majority of his colleagues into accepting. It refuses the only form of relief that can ever be effective, and is framed, not only to defy the so-called "theoretical reformers," but to meet the views and purposes of the very individuals from whose domination the schools now suffer.

In supposing, however, that the reformers, disheartened and discouraged, would give up the struggle, Tammany Hall and its allies reckoned without their host. The reform movement is better organized than ever before, and proposes to fight the Strauss Bill to the bitter end. It is understood that the City Club will coöperate, and a citizens' committee on school reform is organizing to take the lead in the contest. The newspapers of the city, daily and weekly, are vigorously opposing the measure, and it is not believed to be possible to secure its enactment into law, unless an elaborate political "deal" is entered into for its support by the Platt Republicans and Tammany Hall. The interest of the spoils-seeking politicians in such a measure is to be found in the fact that it multiplies their opportunities for patronage. Hidden from view they can appoint scores of teachers and employ hundreds of workmen each year, exacting political support in return. Tammany Hall has pursued this policy with the schools for years and would like to be allowed to continue it.

If the Strauss Bill is defeated and a measure eliminating the trustee system of government passed, then it will be the duty of the reformers to devote themselves to improving the personnel of the central administrative force. The need of a higher and stronger type of men on the Board of Education can easily be demonstrated to Mayor Strong, and in time, through the strengthening of that body, the school system may have for its executive educational officer a superintendent of scholarship, ability, character and national reputation, who will raise the public instruction of New York out of the mire and make it possible to compare it with that given in Boston, in Cleveland, in Indianapolis and in Denver.

(The Evening Post, Jan. 28)

THE OFFICIAL FIGURES of the vote by which the Tammany school bill was manoeuvred through the Board of Education by Mr. Strauss, ably assisted by Messrs. Holt and Hunt, show that the Board's approval is really worthless. Of the twenty-one members who constitute the Board, only fifteen were present. Of these fifteen, ten voted to approve the bill and five to disapprove. There were six absentees, including the President of the Board. It will be seen, therefore, that the bill failed to get the approval of even a majority of the Board. The six absentees were aware that the vote was to be taken at that meeting, and their absence may be construed as an unwillingness to go on the record in favor of a Tammany measure, a natural reluctance on the part of commissioners who were appointed by an anti-Tammany Mayor and were looked upon by the public as members of a reform school board. We presume that this practical failure will deprive the Board's action of all value to the bill, either in the estimation of the Legislature or of the Mayor. It is a great pity that the Board should be so used as to strip it of all influence in the real reform of the public school system.

## Literature

## "Mars"

By Percival Lowell. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MR. LOWELL's handsome volume is perhaps the most interesting and important contribution to "popular astronomy" that has appeared for several years. It represents a large expenditure of time, labor and money, embodying the results of an extended and careful series of original observations, ably discussed. And, unlike some of the other more recent books upon astronomical subjects, its literary style is unexceptionable, never degenerating into twaddle or soaring into bombast. As to its conclusions, however, it ought to be said at the outset, for the protection of fascinated readers, that they are to be received with considerable reserve, as not having yet won anything like general acceptance among astronomers, who are widely divided in their estimate of the work. Some condemn it roundly, calling Mr. Lowell and his assistants "wild romancers"; others believe that he has really made exceedingly important discoveries; and others yet consider it best to suspend judgment, and await the confirmation or contradiction of some of his observations, before either accepting or rejecting his new ideas. In the unprofessional reader, the author's enthusiasm and his skilful presentation of his subject may easily produce undue confidence in conclusions which as yet are far from being proved.

Flammarion's more imposing volume on the same subject, published two or three years ago, is largely occupied with a *résumé* of all known physical observations of Mars up to 1892—a feature which will always make the work extremely valuable, even to those who care very little for the Frenchman's peculiar theories. Mr. Lowell's book, on the other hand, concerns itself very little with the doings of earlier observers, but draws its material almost wholly from the work done in his own private observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, by himself and his assistants, Mr. W. H. Pickering (brother of the Director of the Harvard College Observatory) and Mr. A. E. Douglass, between 1 June 1894 and 1 April 1895. The principal instrument was a fine eighteen-inch telescope, the object-glass of which was made by Brashear of Pittsburgh—his *chef-d'œuvre* in size and perfection. The station was selected on account of the excellence of its atmospheric conditions, since, in such work as Mr. Lowell was undertaking, this is the very first consideration. He says most truly:—"A steady atmosphere is essential to the study of planetary detail: size of instrument being a very secondary matter. A large instrument in poor air will not begin to show what a smaller one in good air will." Not that it is unadvisable, however, to have the largest and best instrument obtainable, since we note that for his next winter's campaign, when he means to resume his observations, he is having a twenty-four-inch telescope made by Clark. As to another most important point he adds:—"Next to atmosphere comes systematic study"; and accordingly we find that during the whole ten months of observation the work was unremitting: no less than 917 drawings and sketches were made, to say nothing of several thousand micrometric measurements of the planet's diameter and the position of objects on its surface.

The principal immediate results of the observations appear to be the following:—First, a very precise determination of the size and form of the planet, and, incidentally, the detection of a "twilight-arc," distinct, though insufficient to determine the extent of the atmosphere which causes it. Next may be mentioned an apparently conclusive demonstration, from observation, that great changes really took place upon the surface of the planet during the course of the season, changes which seemed to be closely connected with the disappearance of the white "cap" at its south pole. Thirdly, the verification of nearly all of Schiaparelli's "canals" and the addition of a considerable number of new ones, the determination of the position of many of their points of intersection by micrometrical measurement, the

verification of Pickering's "lakes," or small black dots, at these intersecting points, and the conclusion that the canals really lie accurately along great-circle arcs upon the planet's surface, and are not irregular and crooked, as river courses and cañons naturally would be. As to this last point, some skepticism remains among other observers, who doubt whether on so small a disc as that of the planet one could be sure that illusion might not have had some part in thus straightening out the canal courses, and bringing them so precisely to common points of meeting. The last of the observational points which we shall mention, and perhaps the most important of all if hereafter satisfactorily confirmed, is Mr. Douglass's discovery that many of the canals can be followed across the darker portions of the planet's surface, hitherto generally supposed to be covered with water. If Mr. Douglass is right, it of course proves them not to be seas at all, and we shall have to accept the conclusion that there are on the planet no large bodies of water: the so-called oceans, seas and lakes being in reality portions of the land-surface, darkened (probably) by vegetation.

The theory of the planet's constitution and climates is embarrassed by two apparently contradictory conditions. On the one hand the fact that on Mars, on account of its greater distance from the sun, the solar heat is not quite half as intense as here on the earth, and the further fact, which seems now to be placed beyond all question, that its atmosphere is much less dense than ours, seem to condemn it to a temperature and climate more severe than that which prevails upon our highest mountains—a temperature that would make the presence of liquid water impossible. On the other hand, things certainly look as if the polar caps were made of snow and ice, which seem to melt, sometimes completely, during the long Martian summer, and to re-accumulate during the following winter. In view of this antithesis, most astronomers prefer to maintain suspended judgment, until some decisive determination of the planet's temperature can be reached, or some indisputable evidence obtained that the polar caps are really formed of snow, and not from some different sort of crystalline condensation. It may be, if Faye is right in his view of the process of planetary evolution from the primordial nebula, that Mars is younger than the earth, instead of older, as is usually supposed; and, if it be younger, then it may not yet have cooled so far, and in this case snow and water would be quite possible upon it. Or some other explanation may be found which will account for sufficient warmth.

Mr. Lowell, however, scouts all the difficulties connected with this temperature question, and boldly—too boldly, we think—asserts that the whole observed body of phenomena seen upon the planet is to be explained by supposing that its surface is mostly flat and arid, and that the only supply of moisture for the soil comes from the melting of the polar snows. The water finds its way towards the equator along the almost level surface, and by a network of canals is conducted to and through the tropical regions. Wherever the water goes, vegetation springs up. The "seas" of former observers are verdure-clad tracts. The canals become visible to us by means of the vegetation that starts up upon their banks, and at the places where several of them intersect, oases are formed, not "lakes." In his view, the canals are artificial, this being indicated by their straightness and the manner in which, in numerous cases, several of them are made to converge accurately to single points. Here he finds evidence of intelligent "engineering," and enters into certain speculations as to the magnitude of the Martian people and the effectiveness of their work, since they have to contend with a force of gravity only little more than a third as great as gravity upon the earth. Then, too, accepting the ordinary view of the nebular hypothesis, which makes Mars an older planet than the earth, he reminds us that the Martians may be far advanced beyond us in the arts and sciences, and so able to undertake and accomplish works entirely beyond the present



power of human beings. All of which is interesting and suggestive speculation, but hardly to be ranked as "newly discovered truth."

**"The Riviera Ancient and Modern"**

By Charles Lenthéric. Translated by Charles West, M. D. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

WITHIN RECENT YEARS it has become a well-established custom of voyagers to the Continent of Europe to abandon the hurried flight from city to city, from one point of interest to another, and to settle for a visit of several weeks, or perhaps months, in the centre of some interesting district. From here excursions of a day or so by carriage, on water, a wheel, or on foot, may be made in different directions over the country. Though the list of tourists who are booked to see all there is to be seen in Europe in ninety days is as long as ever, the number of those who have determined to see Europe piecemeal and to enjoy and digest thoroughly what they take in, even though they make but one trip, grows larger every year.

For the use of this new class of travellers the remarkably comprehensive and wonderfully condensed guide-books with which we are all familiar are most unsatisfactory. Bedecker, which is of nearly inestimable value to the flying tourist, is almost useless to one who wishes to acquaint himself with the history or art of any particular region, or with the traditions and folk-lore of a people among whom he is sojourning.

This book, which M. Lenthéric published some years ago, and which has recently been translated by Dr. Charles West of London, does for Provence, or more properly for the coast of Provence, what one could wish had been done for every important locality in Europe, and, if possible, in the world. The author has chosen one of the loveliest spots in the world, known chiefly as a holiday resort for pleasure-seekers and the winter retreat of invalids and convalescents. He has laid out a most careful geographical and geological description of this wonderful coast, has given a detailed history of its inhabitants from the earliest times, drawn pictures of its enchanting scenery and discovered beautifully interesting spots along the coast entirely unknown to the ordinary visitor to the Riviera. M. Lenthéric is by profession an engineer, and his descriptions from this point of view are most careful and exhaustive.

The first two chapters of the book are devoted largely to that part of the history of Provence which can be read only in the strata of its rock and in the conformation of its coastline. It contains sketches of the prehistoric condition of the country, of its early settlement by Phœnicians and Greeks, of its later occupation by Roman legions, which built the military roads that have not yet disappeared, and by Roman patricians, whose villas were scattered along the shore. The third chapter describes the discovery of the lost Græco-Roman city of Taurœntum, and traces its history, so far as it can be read in ancient texts. From the historical, as well as the archaeological point of view, this chapter is interesting and valuable. In recounting the results of various excavations at this point, in past years, M. Lenthéric lays stress upon the value of the writings of the old antiquaries, who, knowing nothing about archaeology, described what they saw and found ingenuously, uninfluenced and unblinded by a desire to substantiate theories of their own, as have been so many later archaeologists.

The history of the Saracens and of their connection with Europe furnishes the theme of the fourth chapter. Here the author has condensed an enormous amount of valuable information into a very small space. He begins with a brief review of the whole history of Islam and gives a careful account of its influence upon Europe, particularly regarding the direct relations between the Saracens and Provence. This discussion of a subject of such importance, yet about which so little is generally known, forms one of the most valuable portions of the work. The remaining chapters are devoted to de-

tailed history and descriptions of ancient cities along the coast, some almost forgotten, like those of Pomponiana and Fréjus, others the present locations of well-known and frequented resorts, such as Cannes, Nice and Monaco. In every case the subject is exhaustively treated. It is, indeed, surprising to note how heavily history and science have been drawn upon to furnish facts for this little book. Geography and geology have yielded technical descriptions; archæology, ecclesiology and etymology have in turn lent their aid to the investigations of the writer, while legend and tradition are used to add a charm.

Here should be noted the care and faithfulness with which references are introduced. There is a tendency nowadays, in books of a semi-scientific character, to treat this subject carelessly. References simply to an author who may have written a hundred books and to "ancient MSS." without further information, are entirely too common. M. Lenthéric gives one the benefit of the author's name, the volume and page in almost every instance. The book, too, is provided with a full table-of-contents and an index, rather unusual accompaniments of modern French works.

The translation of a book of this character is by no means an easy task. Dr. West's work seems to have been faithful, as is all labor prompted by devotion to a subject. The changing of idioms and the introduction of unusual words becloud the sense of a few passages, but detract little from the value of the translation as a whole.

**"Life of Cardinal Manning"**

By Edmund Sheridan Purcell. Macmillan & Co.

ANOTHER HAS NOW BEEN added to the great series of full-length portraits, which is gradually nearing completion, of the men who have moulded English religious life during this century. They are painted by different hands, by the hands of men who had far different opportunities of studying their subjects, and have only one main basis of unity. They are all, however finished in detail, but studies for the greater historical picture which will some day show the progress of religious life since George III. was king. Only those who have gone step by step through this period can realize how closely intertwined are the different threads of the strand which connects us with those past days. New life has come into both the Roman and the Anglican bodies, and this new life, in its results, is the striking spiritual fact of the century in England. Now, in its causes (bitterly opposed as the two bodies are to each other in their theories and claims), this new life, it is not too much to say broadly, has come from the same source. When Newman stood in his pulpit at St. Mary's, Oxford, to preach the Assize Sermon of 1833, no man discerned the beginning of that wonderful stream of invigoration which came more from Oxford than from any other human origin. Parted into two heads, the Tractarian Movement revolutionized the practical workings of the Church of England, until even those who seem furthest removed from sympathy with it have felt its influence; and on the other hand, by the talents and the zeal of the converts which it furnished, it infused a vigor, an aggressiveness, a confidence, into the obscure Roman body, which placed the latter in a position which it had not held since the Reformation.

We have had throughout to speak, for brevity, in a way which would admit of much illustration and partial qualification, but the matter stands in the main as we have put it. It is for this reason that Cardinal Manning's biography presents exceptional possibilities of interest. His life is divided into two almost equal periods by a sharp severance—forty-four years Anglican, forty-one Roman; and the two bulky volumes which describe it follow the same partition. It can hardly be necessary to recapitulate its course, which ended only four years ago, and which we are unwilling to believe is forgotten already; nor would the task of epitomizing 1500 octavo pages in a column of *The Critic* be an easy one. It

is more to the point to give those who desire to increase their knowledge of the subject an idea of what help they may expect from the labors of the biographer. In forming a mature judgment on Mr. Purcell's part in the matter, a division is almost inevitable between the author and the compiler. His best work comes under the latter title; the value of the book is that Manning is allowed to speak for himself in such large and unstinted measure. Mr. Purcell enjoyed unusual opportunities of learning the Cardinal's own view of the events of his life, and had access to all the letters, diaries and notes which could assist him. With the minor exception of frequent repetitions, this part of the work is well done, and, as it renders accessible a vast amount of first-hand material, it is extremely valuable.

But when we come to that which is original with Mr. Purcell, we are constrained to notice faults of some gravity. He may contest with the proof-reader the number of verbal errors, much too large for a work of this kind. "Sir James Fitzstephens" appears in one place, "Sir Fitzjames Stephens" in another; the great Vicar of Leeds is made to sign one letter "T. Hook" and another "J. H. Hook," when his name was Walter Farquhar. Mistake after mistake occurs in the transcription of Latin, French and Italian words, though it is barely possible that some of the latter may have been Manning's own. One of the most curious false steps is in a note to a mention of Newman under the name of Neander; Mr. Purcell gravely remarks that "in the early days of the Tractarian Movement, Newman was often called Neander," and, unconscious that it was a mere academic play upon his name, proceeds to copy the article "Neander" from "The Biographical Treasury"! But these are small matters by comparison with what seem to us serious faults of judgment and taste. A biographer may feel it his duty not to extenuate the imperfections of his subject; but, unless he is a man of far more standing than the one whom we are criticizing, it will become him not to be too free in the expression of his own personal opinions upon them. Mr. Purcell not only gives disproportionate space to Manning's mistakes, probable or proved—to his action on the relation of Catholics to the universities, to his own abortive attempt to supply higher education, to his unfriendliness with Newman, to the unpleasant strife of the Errington case, to his opposition to the Jesuits, and so on—but we are told much too often that it is Mr. Purcell's opinion that the Cardinal was quite wrong; and we are not quite sure that we care to know what Mr. Purcell thinks about it.

Manning was not perfect, but he was a great man; and if another great man had written his life, we should have had much less about his weaknesses and more about his greatness. Not only in small things (such as the mention more than once of "Sam Wilberforce"), but in more essential matters, there is a spirit which almost reaches to impertinence on the part of the biographer. We did not want panegyric, but we did look for uniform respect and sympathy. However, prejudicial as these faults are to one's pleasure in the book, we are grateful for the fuller knowledge which the Cardinal is allowed to give us, in such detail, of some of the most notable events of our time. Perhaps the most valuable new light is that thrown on the Vatican Council, of which he was so distinguished a member, and to whose outcome he contributed more important services than is generally known. History from the Anglican side, which usually repeats the statement that his allegiance to the Church of England was shaken by the Gorham Judgment, will be corrected by the publication of his private letters to Robert Wilberforce, which show that the case had little to do with it, and that for years before that date he had been coming definitely to the conviction that he was outside the communion of the Apostles. In fact, the ample documents given all through the book will prove most fascinating reading to all who (whether from the Roman or Anglican standpoint) have an interest in the religious history of England. We mentioned above a good

deal which might have been left out; and it remains to say that the space thus gained might have been profitably filled by some of Manning's letters of spiritual counsel, of which only a few are given. He was a great statesman, but we do not want to forget that he was also a great guide of souls, and, since so much of an intimate nature has been printed, it would have done no harm to let us see more of him in this aspect.

#### "The Waverley Novels"

By Sir Walter Scott. *International Limited Edition. Vols. XLIV-XLVIII. Illustrated. Estes & Lauriat.*

THE FIRST TWO of these four volumes, completing this handsome edition of the novels, contain "Count Robert of Paris," with which has been bound up, probably for reasons of size and symmetry in the books, "The Surgeon's Daughter." "Castle Dangerous" and the "Chronicles of the Cannon Gate" fill the last two. Proceeding chronologically, the editor, Mr. Andrew Lang, has reached the completion of his labor with the end of Scott's career—the pathetic end that shows us the giant exhausted and unable to support longer the strain of his marvellous production. Scott's health was undermined when he began "Count Robert," and broke down before he had finished it. "The romance," says Mr. Lang, "is not a work of his normal self: flashes, indeed, there come of the old brightness, but we may almost go so far as to say that the book is not Scott's, not the work of the Scott we knew." Mr. Lang has examined the manuscript of the "Reliquæ Trotconsiensis," an anecdotic and historical catalogue of the Abbotsford collection, attempted by Scott as a relief from the labor of the novel. From this work, he says, "it is sadly evident that neither mentally nor bodily was he [Scott] fit, at this time, for the toil of composition." And it is from this point of view that he asks us to judge "Count Robert of Paris," saying:—"For practical purposes, and even for some literary purposes, Scott's mind was still available, but not for the purpose of serious imaginative composition. At furthest, we may say that, if Scott, in these circumstances, could not write like himself, perhaps no other man could have written at all. \* \* \* It is the character, the indomitable courage of the man which we are called on to applaud: literary criticisms were misapplied and out of place."

It is a sorrowful tale throughout, this story of the writing of "Count Robert." Three months before beginning it (Dec. 1830), Scott had suffered from a paralytic stroke, and the unsparing criticisms of Ballantyne and Cadell, as the work progressed, grieved him deeply. To fill the cup came the Reform Bill, in which he saw ruin for the society in which he had lived, the end of order and law. Still he worked on, doggedly, and, we fear, hopelessly, finding in the exhausting labor at least a refuge from his sombre thoughts. More was to come, for Scott brought to the composition of "Castle Dangerous," his last published novel, an even more sorely racked frame and mind. "I must home to work while it is called to-day," he said, "for the night cometh when no man can work." And Mr. Lang offers no apology, but simply says that it would be impious to speak of this book as if it represented Scott's genius. To finish his labors as editor, he then proceeds to give an account of the so-called posthumous romance of "Moredun," and quotes the letter, claimed to be Scott's, which accompanied it. Both MS. and letter were found in a desk, containing, also, a number of Royalist tracts. The letter is, in style as well as in handwriting, almost beyond the ability of a forger. The MS., on the other hand, is evidently not by Scott. Mr. Lang considers it one of the most puzzling literary forgeries, and expresses his curiosity as to the identity of the perpetrator.

Of the many admirable qualities of this edition we have repeatedly spoken heretofore. In type, margins, paper, illustrations, size and binding, it is all that can be desired by the lover of fine books who is also a reader. It is not



merely a handsome edition, to be looked at with respect: it is made for use—in fact, invites to reading. Mr. Lang's introductions are uniformly interesting and valuable. He brought to this labor all his sympathies and a hearty admiration, and this series of essays from his pen on Scott's work is certainly scholarly enough to satisfy the "general reader," for whom this edition is published. The literary student will find in it much that is profitable and new, and much that is suggestive. Taken altogether, the edition is well worth having and handling.

### "My Sister Henrietta"

By Ernest Renan. Trans. by Abby L. Alger. Roberts Bros.

IF EVER a book was written from the heart, this one was. It is a poem in prose, poetic in the depth of its affection, the fine simplicity of its utterance, the solemn dignity of its sorrow. The story of a great love was never told in a manner more simple and convincing and touching. It is not so much what Henrietta Renan does that impresses us as what she is. Her repeated sacrifices affect us but coldly in comparison with her modesty, her reserve, her unswerving devotion to her brother, her very human jealousy of his affection, her superb sense of honor, her exquisite delicacy of perception. We are never told that she possessed these qualities. They are divulged so gently, so delicately, that even her shyness could not shrink. The sympathy between brother and sister was flawless, it extended beyond death. "In all moral matters," writes Renan, "we had come to see with the same eyes, and to feel with the same heart. She was so thoroughly familiar with my order of thought that she almost always knew beforehand what I was about to say, the idea dawning upon her and upon me at the same moment." This fine sympathy endured the greatest of all tests—that of jealousy,—and came through it unscathed. The woman's nobility is nowhere more evident than in its momentary eclipse, so superbly did she rally her forces and rise to the emergency. Renan's determination to sacrifice his wishes to her called forth all the beauty of her character. Thenceforward she sustained with the utmost serenity a position that would be difficult to small natures. Her harmony with her brother seems to have been strengthened rather than weakened by his marriage.

The influence of Henrietta Renan upon her brother was very great, though it was exercised tacitly and by suggestion, rather than through direct appeal. In her youth she was a devout Catholic, but her faith gradually changed, until, as M. Renan says, "her religion had attained to the last degree of purification. She absolutely rejected the supernatural; but she retained a strong attachment to Christianity. It was not precisely Protestantism, even that of the broadest description, which pleased her. She preserved a charming recollection of Catholicism, of its music, its Psalms, of the pious practices with which she had been lulled in childhood. She was a saint, without the rigid faith in symbols and the narrow observances." And later:—"Virtue to her was no stern rigor, no studied effort; it was the natural instinct of a beautiful soul aiming at goodness by a spontaneous exertion, serving God without fear or tremor." The loss of faith in the dogmas of the Church never caused Mlle. Renan to attempt to dissuade her brother from following the career he had at that time chosen. His final determination not to enter the Church was the result of his own development. Ernest Renan's most valuable and incisive critic was his sister, and many changes were made in his books because of her. "I acquired the habit," he says, "of composing with a view to her remarks, risking many touches to see what effect they would produce on her, and determined to sacrifice them if she asked me to do so." The dependence of each upon the other in such measure as is here described is a rare and beautiful thing in human intercourse. And it is worthy of such a noble and tender memorial as these pages contain. The translation is admirable.

### "Dixie"

*Southern Scenes and Sketches. By Julian Ralph. Illustrated. Harper & Bros.*

THIS BEAUTIFUL book, illustrated by a number of well-known artists, records a bright and sympathetic pilgrimage down the Mississippi from St. Louis to New Orleans, on an old-fashioned steamboat; along the Tèche in Louisiana and the sunny sound of Mississippi; the American Riviera (Florida); the industrial settlements in Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee; Charleston and the Carolinas; the national capitol, and new St. Louis. In the course of his pilgrimage Mr. Ralph makes as many fascinating discoveries as Mr. Janvier has made in the famed Midi of France, or Mr. Warner in our Californian Italy, or Mr. Finck in the cañons of Colorado and the glaciers of Alaska. One usually speaks indiscriminatingly of the "South" as of one immense, monotonous, unindividualized savannah, where hundreds of miles of scenery stretch listlessly away and few accidents of territory or association ripple the pampas-like uniformity of the soil. The keen eyes of Northern observers, however, need but to be fixed in momentary focus on this great wooded agricultural empire to discover a variety infinite, a population varied beyond conception, complexions of every color, blood compounded of the most versatile elements, landscapes as diverse as Norway and Algiers, products, minerals, fruits, nationalities equal to those gathered in a World's Fair, and around all a wonderful sea-line, curving in true Hogarthian lines of beauty from Matamoras to Baltimore.

Mr. Ralph went into this "Undiscovered Country" with the most amiable prepossessions, and has returned from it filled with delight at its hospitality, its extent, beauty, fertility, freedom from war prejudice, and its industrial energy. The chapter on "The Old Way to Dixie" is a charming account of a week's journey down the Nile-like Father of Waters amid levees and plantations, cotton-fields and sugar-houses, roustabouts and mud islands, a veritable "rest cure," Mr. Ralph thinks, which every hurried, hard-worked, high-pressure man of business ought to take at least once a year; a lotus-land of calm delight, good dinners, hotel-like state-rooms on the large steamers, and all-night rests tied to the trees on the bank. At New Orleans there is a sudden leap into a land of enchantment, of soft Southern vowels and liquid Creole intonations, of magnolia and palm and bewildering rose, of a refined and multifarious *cuisine*, a Latin society, a high-bred European courtesy; everything sparkles with Mardi Gras sunshine; the American Naples reveals herself in all her voluptuousness, and all the saints speak French. Mr. Ralph is under a spell, which is not broken until he visits Beauvoir, the noted home of Jefferson Davis, the Everglades of the Land of Flowers, old Charleston with its Huguenot spires, and Chattanooga under its beautiful hill with the glorious Tennessee curling around it in a great shining monogram.

Everywhere Mr. Ralph is in the charitable and sympathetic mood of a nature that loves sunshine and good cheer and good people: he is tolerant to Southern indolence and shiftlessness; he is never cynical or severe, and commends with all his might, everywhere officiating his commendation with solid statistics and good official figures, never denouncing for the mere love of denunciation, and always gratefully reminiscent of the extreme cordiality with which he was everywhere welcomed and entertained. Occasionally he makes a funny little mistake (very pardonable), as where he speaks of Pass Christian, near New Orleans, as only six or seven years old: it has been known for at least forty-seven years! and of the almost "unknown" art of making that delightful delicacy, New Orleans *pralines*. Any New Orleans *marchande* can tell him how to make it. But all in all we have seldom read a pleasanter book of travel, or one more richly or strikingly illustrated. By all means, insert the illustrators' names on the title-page.

## The February Magazines

### "The Atlantic Monthly"

THE OLD READERS of *The Atlantic* will turn first of all, in taking up this number, to "Some Memories of Hawthorne," the first of a series by his daughter, Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. Notwithstanding the fact that a new and brilliant story by Mr. Henry James has the place of honor in the number, the Hawthorne memoirs will prove the great attraction. Mrs. Lathrop gives her own recollections of her father, which ended at her thirteenth year. She says that "His eyes were either a light gray or a violet blue, according to his mood. His hair was brown and waved loosely (I take it very hard when people ask me if it was at all red!), and his complexion was as clear and luminous as his mother's, who was the most beautiful woman some people have ever seen. He was tall, and with as little superfluous flesh and as much sturdy vigor as a young athlete; for his mode of life, was always athletic, simple and abstemious. He leaned his head a little to one side, often, in a position indicating alert rest, such as we find in many Greek statues,—so different from the straight, dogged pose of a Roman emperor." Of her father's characteristics Mrs. Lathrop says:—"He was a delightful companion even when little was said, because his eyes spoke with a sort of apprehension of your thought, so that you felt that your expression of face was a clear record for him, and that words would have been a sort of anticlimax. His companionship was exquisitely restful, since it was instinctively sympathetic. He did not need to exert himself to know you deeply, and he saw all the good in you there was to know; and the weakness and the wrong of any heart he weighed as nicely in the balance of tender mercy as we could do in pity for ourselves. I always felt a great awe of him, a tremendous sense of his power." The letters that Mrs. Lathrop publishes were written by her mother, who was a keen observer and delightful writer. It would be hard to find more interesting letters than these. Mrs. Hawthorne does not conceal her admiration for her husband, compared with whom "every other face looks coarse." Speaking of him in their English home, she says:—"The lofty, sumptuous apartments become him very much. I always thought he was born for a palace, and he shows that he was."—Besides the two contributions mentioned, there is a poem, "The Caravansary," by Mr. R. H. Stoddard, whose tuneful lyre is heard too seldom; "The Bibliotaph," by Leon H. Vincent; and an essay on "Don Quixote," by Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.

### "The Century Magazine"

THERE ARE three articles of exceptional interest in the February *Century*: Mr. Henry M. Stanley's "Story of the Development of Africa"; "Nelson at Cape St. Vincent," the first of a series, by Capt. A. T. Mahan; and "Pope Leo XIII. and his Household," by Mr. F. Marion Crawford. Mr. Stanley's story of Africa reads like a fairy-tale. Except that we know it to be true, it would be hard to believe the story of the growth of Darkest Africa. In 1870 Mr. Stanley and Dr. Livingston were the only two white men in Equatorial Africa, from the Zambesi to the Nile; to-day the Congo Free State, which has been in existence but ten years, covers 900,000 square miles, while its population is between 15,000,000 and 18,000,000, of which number 1400 are whites. The revenue of the state amounts to \$1,000,000, and its commerce—imports and exports—amounts to nearly \$4,000,000. Mr. Stanley modestly says that his paper is merely an introduction to the series of papers by the late Mr. E. J. Glave, which will soon appear in *The Century*, giving an account of his researches among the haunts of the slave-traders.—Mr. Crawford's article on Pope Leo XIII. is a model for the descriptive writer to think upon. Mr. Crawford had opportunities that come to few for gathering material for his paper, and, being a writer of rare gifts, he has made the most of them. He is a great admirer of His Holiness, whom he describes as "a great Pope," and adds:—"As a statesman his abilities are admitted to be of the highest order; as a scholar he is undisputedly one of the finest Latinists of our time, and one of the most accomplished writers in Latin and Italian prose and verse; as a man he possesses the simplicity of character which almost always accompanies greatness, together with a healthy sobriety of temper, habit, and individual taste rarely found in those beings whom we might well call 'motors' among men." In Leo XIII.'s private life, "as distinguished from his public and political career, what is most striking is the combination of shrewdness and simplicity in the best sense of both words." All the money Pope Leo XIII. has as Pope he holds in trust for the

Church, investing the securities he receives in Italian national bonds. It is commonly said in Rome among bankers that the Vatican makes the market-price of Italian bonds. "Whether this be true or not," says Mr. Crawford, "it is an undeniable fact that the finances of the Vatican are under the direct and exceedingly thrifty control of the Pope himself."—Capt. Mahan's story of "Nelson at Cape St. Vincent" is a notable contribution to naval history; and Mr. Kenyon Cox's paper on the much-discussed French painter, Puvis de Chavannes, an equally notable one to the history of contemporary art. It will do much to strengthen the hold of this painter upon the American people.—We would refer those persons who think that letter-writing is a lost art to the letters written by James Russell Lowell to Miss Mary A. Clarke. They were written only a short time before Mr. Lowell's death, but have all the vitality of his youth.

### "Harper's Monthly"

MR. STEPHEN BONSAL has the place of honor in the February *Harper's*, and he devotes it to a description of "The New Baltimore." He does not confine himself entirely to the new Baltimore, but gives us a glimpse of the old, for which we cannot but



feel a preference. The "New Baltimore," however, is certainly one of the most attractive cities in America, and we have often thought that if we were not New Yorkers, we would be Baltimoreans. Not only is it a city of homes, but it is a city offering the highest educational advantages. Children get the best sort of a preliminary education here, and the post-graduate course at Johns Hopkins would make it worth anyone's while to live in the Maryland metropolis.—The leading articles in both *Harper's* and *The Century* are devoted to Maryland, the article just mentioned in the former, "Certain Worthies and Dames in Old Maryland" in the latter.—The special features of *Harper's* are "St. Clair's Defeat," by the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, and "The Passing of the Fur Seal," by Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson. Mr. Roosevelt describes the ill-starred expedition against the Miami Indians, undertaken during Washington's first Administration, under the command of Gen. Arthur St. Clair. The subject is one entirely in the line of Mr. Roosevelt's historical researches, and is almost a part of the series he has been writing for the Messrs. Harpers' various publications. Anyone who is acquainted with Mr. Roosevelt's vigorous style will know that he cannot fail to make a readable story, particularly with such a subject.—Mr. Nelson's paper, with its picturesque title, is something more than a "special article." It is the history of a long international dispute, and as such is worthy of serious consideration. Mr. Nelson's position as a political leader-writer for a number of years has kept him thoroughly informed on all matters of national and international interest, and he gives the story of this curious bit of history with frankness and particularity. Mr. Nelson finds



# MARY ANDERSON'S Last Meeting with Longfellow



Described by the great actress in the third of her interesting autobiographical papers in the **February** issue of

## THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

ONE DOLLAR FOR AN ENTIRE YEAR

**This Number for Sale Everywhere: Ten Cents**

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fault with the position of Great Britain in this matter, and blames Lord Salisbury for the present state of affairs. "All sealing," he believes, "ought to be stopped for at least three years, and after that the close season ought to be extended," but this cannot be accomplished under the Paris award, so, after all, we seem to be in just about the same position that we have been in for years past on this question. "Whatever may be the outcome of the effort of the United States to prevent the extinction of the fur seal," says Mr. Nelson, "it will be a significant fact in the history of international and colonial politics that the Dominion of Canada for nearly eight years has been able to oppose successfully the interests of the United States, Great Britain and Russia in the seal herds."—In the "Editor's Study" Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has an appreciation of the late W. W. Story, in which he describes that sculptor's latest work, a monument to his wife, which is to be placed next to the grave of Shelley, "in the most poetic of cemeteries, under the walls of Rome." "The monument," says Mr. Warner, "is classically simple, but never before did Story put so much feeling into any work, nor so completely show his artistic skill in expression." Sculptors whose judgment is of most value agree with Mr. Warner in calling this monument the greatest of Mr. Story's works.

#### "Scribner's Magazine"

THERE IS every reason to think that "Sentimental Tommy," Mr. J. M. Barrie's story, which has just reached its second instalment in the February *Scribner's*, is going to have a wider interest than any he has written, with perhaps the one exception of "The Little Minister." Personally we prefer the new story, so far as we have read it, to the popular "Little Minister." The present instalment is as fine as anything that Mr. Barrie has written. The subtle mixture of humor and pathos is unusual, even with this master of those qualities. The letters that the wretched, deserted wife writes from her miserable garret in London to her friends in Thrums are, with all their brutality, as fine an exhibition of heroic pride as we have ever read. She is cruel in her flings at her people; but then, which of us shall say what we might or might not have done in like circumstances? Then there is her confession to Tommy, a wonderful bit of homely tragedy. The reader sees it all—the weak woman, the "masterful" man and the bitter repentance that came too late. If this story fulfils the promise of its opening chapters, we shall see that for once an author has given a true verdict on his own work.—There is a good deal of outdoors matter in this number: Mr. Iddings's description of "The Colorado Health Plateau" throws a new and more agreeable light on the city of Colorado Springs, which to the average Easterner suggests only ill-health and its accompanying tragedies. After reading this paper, one pictures a different scene. Mr. Iddings describes the social side of life on the Colorado plateau, and tells of the good times the young people have with their open-air sports and pastimes.—Another fresh-air paper is that on "The Ascent of Mt. Ararat," by H. F. B. Lynch. Mt. Ararat has been ascended before, but this was the first ascent made with a complete photographic outfit. The advantages of the photograph as a check upon the traveller's imagination are not to be denied. The kodak is death to Münchhausenism. Mt. Ararat is by no means the highest of mountains, being but 17,916 feet high, but it has been ascended only a few times, not more than fifteen in all. Many attempts have been made, but the successes have been comparatively few. Mr. Lynch attributes these failures "to the peculiar nature of the ground travelled, no less than to the inordinate duration of the effort, to the wearisome recurrence of the same kind of obstacles and to the rarity of the air." Otherwise it would be inexplicable, as the mountain makes few if any demands upon the resources of the climber.

#### "McClure's Magazine"

IN THIS NUMBER Elizabeth Stuart Phelps continues her autobiographic "Chapters from a Life" down to the outbreak of the Civil War. Especially interesting in this instalment is her account of a visit of Emerson to her father's house. He had been invited to a lecture, and was "in a much muddled state of his distinguished mind, on Andover Hill. His blazing seer's gaze took us all in, politely; it burned straight on, with its own philosophic fire; but it wore, at moments, a puzzled softness. His clear-cut, sarcastic lips sought to assume the well-bred curves of conformity to the environment of entertainers who valued him so far as to demand a series of his own lectures; but the cynic of his temperamental revolt from us, or, to be exact, from the thing which he supposed us to be, lurked in every line of his memorable face." The con-

versation gradually changed into a monologue by the visitor, who declared Bronson Alcott the greatest mind of our day—"I think he said the greatest since Plato." Emerson visited a Chaucer Club of which Miss Phelps was a member. In answer to her honest confession that, though she was interested in Chaucer, he did not take hold of her, and that she feared she was "too much of a modern," he answered pleasantly, "What would you read? *The Morning Advertiser*?" "The Chaucer Club," says the narrator, "glared at me in what, I must say, I felt to be unholy triumph." She returns again to the atmosphere of the place, strengthening the pleasing though earnest picture outlined in her paper last month.—Among the other contributors to this number are Ian Maclaren, Anthony Hope, Murat Halstead, Will H. Low and R. L. Stevenson.

#### "The Popular Science Monthly"

IN THE second part of his paper on "The Smithsonian Institution," Prof. Henry Carrington Bolton deals with its activities, which are, indeed, prodigious. The official list of correspondents, embracing learned societies and men of science throughout the world, numbers 24,000; and the library, largely through its international exchange service of the transactions of learned societies and certain other classes of scientific works, has grown to over 300,000 titles. This international exchange involves an immense amount of labor, as is shown by the fact that in the year 1892-3 over one hundred tons of books were handled. In concluding his article, Prof. Bolton tells the following anecdote:—"The influence of the Institution in local education is well shown by the following circumstance: Some years ago I was standing on the porch of the Norman building as two stout African 'ladies' passed by. One of these remarked, 'Let us go in there,' pointing to the entrance. 'Oh, no,' replied the lady addressed, 'there is nothing in there but 'Prehistoric Anthropology,'" pronouncing the words glibly and accurately. I listened with amazement, and pondered."—Herbert Spencer attacks Lord Salisbury's Inaugural Address to the British Association, 1894, in an article on "Lord Salisbury on Evolution." In the opening paragraphs he says:—"Mr. Darwin's doctrine of natural selection and the doctrine of organic evolution are, by most people, unhesitatingly supposed to be one and the same thing. Yet between them there is a difference analogous to that between the theory of gravitation and the theory of the Solar System; and just as the theory of the Solar System, held up to the time of Newton, would have continued outstanding had Newton's generalization been disproved, so, were the theory of natural selection disproved, the theory of organic evolution would remain. \* \* \* Lord Salisbury, however, in common with the immense majority of men, assumes that the hypothesis of organic evolution must stand or fall with its alleged causal agencies. Though in one paragraph he distinguishes between natural selection as an alleged agent, and the facts regarded as implying evolution which are said to be explained by it, yet, at the close of his address, he assumes the two to be so indissolubly connected that, if natural selection goes, evolution must go with it—that the facts are not naturally explicable at all, but must be regarded as supernatural."

#### "The Forum."

AN ARTICLE that is well calculated to make us pause and reflect is President Charles Eliot Norton's "Some Aspects of Civilization." It touches sharply upon all the deplorable tendencies of our day and country, and brings us face to face "with the grave problem which the next century is to solve—whether our civilization can maintain itself, and make advance, against the pressure of ignorant and barbaric multitudes; whether the civilized part of the community is eventually to master the barbaric, or whether it is to be overcome in the struggle. The question is not whether the material advantages of civilization are to be lost—for they attract the barbarian, and it may be assumed that their attractions are sufficient to secure their permanence,—but whether its moral and intellectual attainments, its refinements, its elevations of character, its best results in life and in expression,—whether these are safe." And unhappily he finds the barbarian in all classes:—"The hoodlum of the street corner and the rough loafer of the village, find their mates among the students of our colleges." The paper was written before the publication of the Venezuelan message, but the author refers to it in a note, and especially to its revelation of the spirit of the people.—Mr. William Steinway's article on "The Heine-Fountain Controversy" seems to us to rest on the well-known "orthodoxy is my doxy" theory. He objects to the *ipse dixit* of the National Sculpture Society, but quotes



with evident approval Mr. Carl Schurz's amazing *ipse dixit* that "a committee of professional sculptors, all of whom had their personal ideals in art, was not a safe jury to pass upon the work of a competitor—especially that of a foreign competitor." The members of the National Sculpture Society can afford to overlook this not over-nice insinuation, the more so as many of them are not sculptors, but architects and amateurs; it is evident, at any rate, that the citizens of New York have undiminished confidence in their judgment. —We respectfully submit to Lord Salisbury the propriety of creating the post of Prose Laureate, and of making Sir Edwin Arnold its first incumbent, for his article on "Victoria, Queen and Empress." *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, is Sir Edwin's argument: he ascribes to the Queen's personality the growth in power and riches of the Kingdom since her accession, finds a touching significance in the fact that he saw a match for the first time on the day of her accession, and seems honestly convinced that under any one else England would have gone to the demnition bow-wows. His review of the Victorian Era is interesting in itself, however. —M. Henri Houssaye's paper on "The French Academy" contains all the information one can desire about that honorable institution.

#### "Lippincott's Magazine"

THE "COMPLETE NOVEL" in this number is uncommonly long. It is called "Ground-Swells," is from the pen of Mrs. Jeannette H. Walworth, and deals with New York society in the familiar way. Happily it has an ingenious plot—not novel, perhaps, but inde-



pendently handled—and is so constructed that it will lure most readers who begin it to the end. There are certain characters without which "society" fiction could not exist, among them being the frivolous woman who is jealous of her handsome daughter, the man of good family who has made a foolish marriage in his youth, and the hard-headed man of business who has nothing in common with his butterfly wife. All these may be found in this story, together with the rich and well-born saphead and the inevitable "New Woman," who is thus called because she gets married at the end of the book. In this case she plays at trained nurse for awhile, for the purposes of discovering what she believes to be a dreadful secret of her father's, and finding the man she finally weds. From Marcella down, these young ladies achieve nothing whatever, and seem only to exist (besides serving the useful purpose of ending the story with wedding-bells) to demonstrate that the true New Woman will not come from society—which is still unproved. But the story is readable. —Having been surfeited with all the meats of the world in a recent number of the magazine, we now can quench our thirst in an article on "What Men Drink," by James Knapp Reeve.

#### Educational Notes

THE SIXTH annual report of President Low to the Trustees of Columbia College shows a gratifying and constant growth of the institution. During the year 1894-95, the number of instructors was raised to 265, an increase of fifteen over the preceding twelvemonth; and the number of students grew from 1805 to 1971, including twenty students from Barnard College; 394 degrees were conferred, of which one (Doctor of Laws) was honorary. The receipts for the year amounted to \$770,832.79; the disbursements to \$753,649.74, leaving a balance of \$17,183.05. The acquisitions to the Library amounted to 24,839 bound volumes, bringing the total number of books it contains to 203,000. President Low refers at length to his plan, which is maturing rapidly, of converting Columbia College into a great university, and appeals for \$1,500,000, which, he estimates, "must still be given to the College to enable it to complete, without embarrassment, what it is important to do immediately. The buildings needed at once are one each for physics, chemistry and engineering; a gymnasium, a dining-hall and an academic theatre." The past year was remarkable for the munificent gifts received by Columbia. The President expresses the hope that New York's rich citizens will continue to help the institution, which appeals with so strong and so many reasons to their civic pride.

At the request of the New York Schoolmasters' Association, President Low has arranged a series of meetings at Hamilton Hall, Columbia College, for the purpose of discussing uniform entrance requirements. The institutions represented include Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Cornell and, of course, Columbia. A great number of schoolteachers will be present. The conferences, of which the first was set for to-day, will deal with Latin, Greek, history, mathematics, French and German.

Mr. Hugh Miller, the son of the famous author of "The Testimony of the Rocks," died recently, at the early age of 45. For close upon a quarter of a century he had been connected with the Geological Survey of Scotland. He was well known as a writer on geological subjects.

The report of the New York Free Circulating Library for the year ending 1 Nov. 1895 shows that the institution circulated during that period 654,451 volumes, with only 81,785 volumes on its shelves—a remarkably high ratio of circulation to volumes. In point of circulation the library is now third in this country, the public libraries of Boston and Chicago, only, surpassing it on this point. About seventy per cent. of the books circulated were works of fiction. The library now has six branches, of which that in Harlem (125th Street) has proved unexpectedly popular. The income during the year was about \$43,000, of which \$23,000 was received by appropriation from the city. This will be increased to \$35,000 during the new year, but not all of it will be available at once. As the donations are likely to be reduced, it is feared that the resources of the Library will not be materially increased. Of special value are the Library's efforts to cooperate with the public schools, by lending books to any teacher who undertakes to become responsible for their proper use. As the recent consolidation of the great libraries in this city does not provide for the circulation of books, this important part of a great educational work will be left in the hands of the Free Circulating Library, for which we invoke the liberality of all New Yorkers.

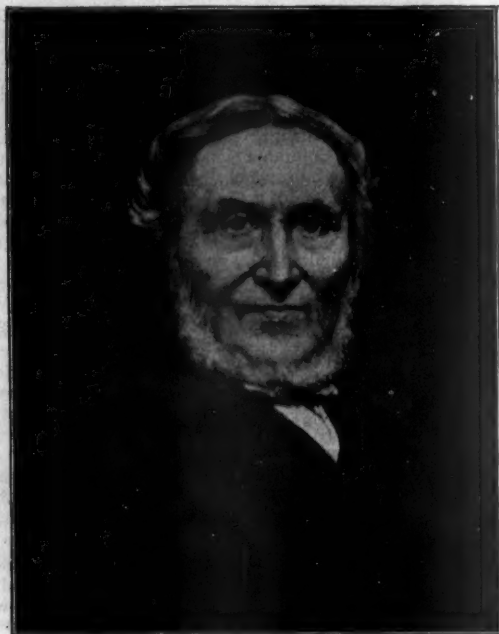
Prof. Edmund J. James has delivered his farewell lecture to the students of the Wharton School of Finance and Economy at the University of Philadelphia. At the close the students gave him a silver loving-cup. He now goes to the University of Chicago.

John I. Davenport, Amherst, '58, who recently died, has left to Amherst College \$50,000 for the erection of a building, the money to be paid upon the death of his widow. A payment of \$12,500 from the Hilton estate is soon to be made to the College. Some months since Mr. D. Willis James of the Board of Trustees offered to give \$4000 toward a fund for improving and enlarging Hitchcock Hall and the President's house, if the rest of the amount needed could be secured from other friends of the College. Mr. Henry D. Hyde, another Trustee, had given \$2,500 for the same purposes. Mr. George Plimpton gave \$1,000, and during the holiday vacation additional subscriptions were made, to the total amount of \$15,500.

Messrs. Ginn & Co. have ready "The Plutus of Aristophanes," edited, for use in sight-reading, with stage directions, and notes in Greek (based on the Scholia), by Frank W. Nicolson, A. M., of Wesleyan University.

## Alexander Macmillan

THE DEATH of Mr. Alexander Macmillan, the junior founder of the house of Macmillan & Co., was reported from London on Jan. 25. He was born in 1815, at Upper Carrie, Island of Arran, near the West Highlands of Scotland. The son of a peasant farmer, he passed his youth in poverty, sharing with his brothers,



ALEXANDER MACMILLAN  
From portrait by Hubert Herkomer

however, a love of books. They all became either schoolmasters or clerks in bookshops. Alexander Macmillan was first a teacher in a school at Nitshill, near Paisley, and entered the publishing business in 1839, in the service of L. & G. Seeley. Four years later he started in business with his brother Daniel, who was two years his senior. Mr. Daniel Macmillan died in 1857, and the surviving partner carried on the great concern alone until ten years ago, when he retired from active business. He visited this country twice, the last time in 1869. Mr. Macmillan spent the last years of his life in Surrey, near Haslemere, among his neighbors and friends being the late Lord Tennyson and Prof. Huxley.

The following short history of the house is taken from "Macmillan's Bibliographical Catalogue," published in 1891:—

The first book bearing the name of Macmillan on its title-page is Craig's "Philosophy of Training," published in 1843 by D. & A. Macmillan, 57 Aldersgate Street. In the summer of the same year, with the assistance of Archdeacon Hare, Daniel Macmillan purchased Newby's business at 17 Trinity Street, Cambridge, intending to carry it on in conjunction with his younger brother Alexander, who was to remain in London. Before the end of the year, however, the Aldersgate shop was given up, and both brothers settled in Cambridge, where, in 1845, they bought the business of Mr. Stevenson, at 1 Trinity Street. In order to provide the capital necessary for this purchase, a partner was taken in, and the firm became Macmillan, Barclay & Macmillan until the retirement of Mr. Barclay in 1850, when it adopted the name of Macmillan & Co., which it has retained ever since.

In 1858—the year after Daniel Macmillan's death—a branch house was opened at 23 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, and in 1863 the headquarters of the firm were once more removed to London (16 Bedford Street, Covent Garden), the retail bookselling business remaining at Cambridge as an independent establishment, where it is still carried on under the name of Macmillan & Bowes. A further move was made in 1872, to the present offices (29 and 30 Bedford Street), and it may be noted that the three buildings in which the business has been carried on since 1858 are within forty yards of each other.

In 1863 Mr. Alexander Macmillan was appointed Publisher to the University of Oxford, a post which he held until October,

1880, when the delegates of the University Press abandoned the system of employing a private publisher and took the management of their numerous publications into their own hands. When this change was made the University of Oxford expressed its appreciation of Mr. Macmillan's services by conferring on him the degree of Master of Arts *honoris causa*.

In the year 1869 Macmillan & Co. opened a branch-house in New York under the management of Mr. George E. Brett, who conducted it until his death in 1890, when the firm of Macmillan & Co. of New York was constituted on an independent basis, consisting of the members of the London firm, with Mr. George Platt Brett as resident American partner. Macmillan & Co. of New York, besides representing the English firm of Macmillan & Co., are the authorized American agents for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and importers of the publications of many English and Scotch houses. The present members of the firm are Alexander Macmillan, George Lillie Craik (admitted in 1865), Frederick Macmillan (1874), George Augustin Macmillan (1879), and Maurice Macmillan (1883).

## Verlaine's Death and Burial

According to the London *Daily News*, Verlaine died at the domicile of his old friend, Mlle. Eugénie Krantz, in a street near the School of Medicine. The kindness of Mlle. Krantz, who is of humble standing, often kept him from the hospital, and afforded him final shelter. "Verlaine has in death a Socratic face, though there was not much wisdom in his life. He was carried away by nervous fever, and suffered dreadfully from the burning sore left by a blister that was not removed soon enough. His last words were:—"Lepelletier! François! François! Coppée! Coppée! Come, come to me!" The homely features take in death a reposeful beauty they never had in life. His bushy red beard and the thick hair on either side of the bald scalp are streaked with gray. Verlaine was affectionately looked after and attended by Drs. Parisot and Chauffard. The latter had made his acquaintance in an infirmary, where he delivered clinical lectures. The poet was supplied by him with quantities of newspapers, for which he kept calling, though unable to read them. When the illness began he asked for a strong remedy to enable him to finish 'Louis XVII.,' his drama in verse. It appears that he then treated himself, and thus rendered his malady incurable, and, indeed, fatal."

Besides Mlle. Krantz, Verlaine found constant and generous friends through his troubled life in the Comtesse de Greffülhe, the Duchesse de Rohan and the Comtesse de Béarn, who united with Lepelletier, Coppée, Sully-Prudhomme, Catulle Mendès, Jean Richepin, Octave Mirbeau, Maurice Barrès, Jules Lemaitre, Léon Daudet and other men-of-letters in making his last days comfortable. He was buried in the Batignolles cemetery on Montmartre. A movement has already been set on foot to erect a bust to his memory in the Luxembourg Gardens, which he loved, and where he spent much of his time.

## "In Veronica's Garden"

IF Mr. Alfred Austin cannot write poetry that is equal to the late Laureate's, it is not for want of beautiful surroundings. His



home is as picturesque as Haslemere. A man who can spend his days in such a garden and his nights in such a house should be happy.



## A Tale by Tennyson

(The Illustrated London News)

A VERY REMARKABLE Tennyson manuscript has just come into the hands of Mr. Thomas Wise, through the medium of Pearson of Pall Mall. This is a short story in prose written when the late Poet Laureate was fourteen years of age. Readers of Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" are aware that the Brontë children were in the habit of writing little stories and treasuring their juvenile efforts. Is it not an extraordinary coincidence that at the same time as these children were thus engaged in an obscure Yorkshire village another child destined to an equal fame was similarly occupied in the neighboring county of Lincolnshire? You may see these Brontë booklets in the British Museum and in the Brontë Museum at Haworth, with their quaint penmanship and neat brown-paper covers. Alfred Tennyson's writing is less abnormal, but here in

MUNGO

THE

AMERICAN

A Tale by Alfred Tennyson

Showing, how he found a sword, & afterwards how it came to the possession of the right owner, after the space of two years—

LONDON

Printed by Rees, Ome, Longman & Hurst, Lombard street—

we have the same brown-paper covers. It may be that hundreds of intelligent children are thus engaged in the production of juvenile literature which never attains to the glory of print, but I have never seen and handled such books except those written by Charlotte and Branwell Brontë and by Alfred Lord Tennyson.

*Mungo the American*  
*Chap. I*  
 About three leagues from the town of Panama in South America, stood the hut of Mungo. He was of a dark copper colour, and his red hair, in figure, stature, rendered him right glad to behold his hut stood on the bank of a glossy river. The walls of which were long stakes driven into the ground and woven with over and the roof was of long & broad plantains leaves stuck together with clay. He was called by his neighbours "the man of the wood", on account of his morose & gloomy disposition. One day as Mungo was walking in the light of a large wood he found a bloody sword on the ground with the letters F. S. carved deeply on the left blade with response at an incident, which though it did not seem to get attention.

FACSIMILE OF FIRST PAGE

"Mungo the American" will be incorporated by Lord Tennyson in his biography of his father. The manuscript is sufficiently authenticated, as it was given by the Poet Laureate to Miss Jane Yonge, who was for many years governess in the Tennyson family.

## Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

*The First Folio in the Newberry Library, Chicago.*—Mr. Robert Clarke of Cincinnati sends me the following note:—

"As I sold the Probasco collection of books to the Newberry Library, I feel somewhat interested in the communication of Mr. Herpich in your paper of the 11th inst., with reference to the copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare in that collection. Whoever knew Mr. Poole will not readily believe that he was imposed on in the purchase of so important and expensive a work. Before the purchase, Dr. Poole and I examined the volume together and were convinced that it was as represented in Mr. Probasco's printed catalogue. It is there described as follows:—

"A very fine copy of the First Edition, measuring 12½ by 8½ inches. It has the verses, title and last leaf in facsimile, but in all other respects agrees with Lowndes's collation of the first edition; and is remarkably well preserved."

"We had before us also Mr. Quaritch's description of it and his bill, and after carefully going over the volume we agreed that it was as represented. I cannot believe that Dr. Poole, when he was 'convinced that he had a bogus folio, stared at the open book for fully five minutes before he ventured to utter his astonishment.' It would not have taken him five seconds to vent his wrath, and he would at once have written to Mr. Probasco or to me on the subject. I had a letter from him written only a few weeks before his death, in which he incidentally said that the Probasco collection was an ever-present delight to him, and that the more he examined it, the more he was pleased with the purchase. If he was convinced that the first folio Shakespeare was a 'bogus' one, he certainly would have mentioned it.

"The slur that Mr. Herpich puts into Dr. Poole's mouth, that Mr. Probasco 'bore a reputation among booksellers everywhere of driving a hard bargain, always trying to buy at his own prices,' and that he 'surmised that some bookseller had beaten Mr. Probasco at his own game,' is utterly unworthy of belief. Dr. Poole knew it was purchased from Mr. Quaritch, who is incapable of playing such a trick upon anyone, much less upon so good a customer as Mr. Probasco, with whom his relations were of the most cordial character for many years."

Mr. Herpich was evidently mistaken in his opinion of the book, and his remembrance of his conversation with Dr. Poole was apparently imperfect. If I had known that the copy came from Mr. Quaritch with his endorsement of its authenticity, I should have been quite sure that it was just what he represented it to be. That absolutely perfect copies of the First Folio are exceptional is well known. Mr. Quaritch showed me one, at his shop in Piccadilly, some years ago, which was in this rare condition. At that time he priced it, if I remember right, at 625/. He told me that it would really grieve him to part with it. He handled it as tenderly as a mother would handle her baby.

The copy in the Boston Public Library is superior to the Newberry copy. It measures 13 1-10 inches by 8 4-10. No part of it is in facsimile. It has two cancelled leaves in "As You Like It," but the genuine leaves from another copy were inserted beside them in binding. This copy was bought in 1845 by Mr. Thomas Barton for 110/. One of the copies of the Second Folio at Boston is perfect except that the last leaf is inlaid. In the other copy the verses opposite the title-page are inlaid. This latter copy differs in some respects from all other copies known. The 1663 copy of the Third Folio has the verses and title inlaid, and the margin of one leaf mended. The 1664 copy has the portrait and verses from the Fourth Folio, and slight repairs on two leaves. The Fourth Folio is perfect. Other interesting facts concerning these books are given in the Catalogue of the Barton Collection.

## Literary Conferences

PROF. CHARLES SPRAGUE SMITH will give a series of "Saturday Morning Conferences upon Literature" during February, March and April. There will be at each conference an introductory paper by Prof. Smith, and supplementary papers by other students of literature, among them being Mr. George L. Beer, Mrs. Mary J. Serrano, Prof. Adolphe Kohn, Miss Marguerite Merington, Mrs. L. J. Runkle, the Rev. Dr. Thomas P. Hughes, Prof. H. T. Peck, Prof. Thomas R. Price, Miss Helen Villard and Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie. The lecturer's general collaborators will be Mrs. W. J. Lemoyne, Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer, Miss Helen Gray Cone and Prof. Thomas Davidson. The subjects of the lectures will be as follows: Feb. 8, "The Chanson de Roland"; Feb. 15, "Ariosto's Orlando Furioso"; Feb. 22, "The Spanish Books of Chivalry and Don Quixote"; Feb. 29, "The Poems of the Cid"; March 7, "Corneille's Le Cid"; March 14-21, "The Nibelungen Epic"; March 28, "Wagner's Trilogy"; April 5, "Literature as a Study."

## The Fine Arts

Lord Leighton

THE FIRST English artist to be made a lord has not long enjoyed his new dignity. His elevation to the Peerage has been followed within a month by his death. But other distinctions have been his for many years; he was elected President of the Royal Academy in 1878, knighted not long after, and made a baronet in 1886. He was born at Scarborough, Yorkshire, in 1830, and studied mainly on the Continent, at Rome, Berlin, Florence, Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Brussels and Paris. Thus he acquired an all-round education in art, which, at least, informed his tastes and sympathies and, with his other qualities of mind and person, fitted him in a remarkable degree for the post which he held so long. For he was a man of many accomplishments, of commanding presence and polished manners, and, though far too much of an artist not to appreciate the modern, extra-academic schools of painting, his own leaning was to the cultivation of the line, and of all those qualities to teach which academies are instituted. It is true that he did not attain greatness even in his chosen line of work, but he was something more than respectable. He may not have been as well informed an archaeologist as Alma Tadema, he was not nearly so good a draughtsman as Ingres, and he lacked the passion and the imaginative force for the sake of which we overlook the more obvious deficiencies of Watts and Rossetti. Nor had he, like these two last, the painter's delight in painting.

His talent was that of the designer. He could draw graceful decorative figures, group them effectively, and color them agreeably; but tone, texture, atmosphere, color in the artist's sense were beyond him. He was, doubtless, aware of his limitations, but thought himself bound to work up to the extreme limit of his powers. Had he been content to allow himself a wider margin, and to produce work frankly decorative in character, he might have accomplished more of lasting value; for that he had a genuine and peculiar gift in that way, every one who has seen many of his paintings will admit.

Among the most noted of his works is "Hercules Wrestling with Death for the Body of Alceste," in which the theme is too plainly beyond his powers, whether of conception or execution, the figure of Death having neither terror nor dignity, and that of Hercules being inexcusably weak and spiritless. Yet this picture looks well reproduced in half-tone, because in the reproduction the weak modelling is lost, and there is nothing left but the really impressive composition. The "Perseus and Andromeda," which, as well as the former picture, was shown at the World's Fair in Chicago, also fails to touch the feelings or the imagination, except through the arrangement of lines and colors. Considered as pure arabesque, it is both strange and beautiful. The "Andromache," again, tells the story clearly enough, but not forcibly. The "Daphnephoria" is well composed as a scheme for flat and severe treatment, but is too elaborately worked out. And so of many other paintings, most of which can be enjoyed only by ignoring much of what the artist has labored hard to do.

The portrait given here is from the *Tribune*.

## Art Notes

THE AUTHORS CLUB has extended the time appointed for the close of its prize-competition for a book-plate design from 1 Feb. to 1 March 1896.

—The Sherman Statue Committee in Washington has selected four models from the many received in competition for the monument, with the understanding that their designers will enter a second contest, the commission to be awarded to the winner. The four successful artists are Paul Bartlett of Paris, C. Rohl-Smith of Chicago, Charles Niehaus and J. Massey Rhind of New York.



—The February course of Columbia College Lectures in co-operation with the Metropolitan Museum of Art will be delivered on Saturday mornings, at the Museum, by Mr. Ernest F. Fennollosa, on "The History of Japanese Art." The lectures will be chronologically arranged, and will be illustrated.

—Among the prices paid at the sale of Mr. N. O. Pope's collection of paintings, etc., were the following: "Cattle," by François Auguste Bonheur, \$1525; "The Rainbow," by George Inness, \$1652; "The Old Oak Tree," by Theodore Rousseau, \$2600; "Sheep at Pond," by Charles Emil Jacques, \$1350; "Jealousy," by Ludwig Knaus, \$1075; "The Meadow Lands," by Emile Van Marcke, \$1055; "The Education of Love," by Diaz, \$1000; "The Departure," by Meissonnier, \$4000; "The Rest," by Detaille, \$1350; "The Council of War," by Schreyer, \$2000; "Eventide," by Bastien-Lepage, \$1375, and "The Sultan's Favorite," by Benjamin Constant, \$1050.



## Aut Urna aut Sepulcrum\*

BODY, I shall leave, one day,  
Thy protecting wall:  
Must thou suffer slow decay,  
When in peace I pass away?

When the foe is fled or slain,—  
Spent his latest dart;  
When the drawbridge drops again,  
And I sally to the plain,  
Forever to depart;

Shall dry-rot attack those beams,  
And the greedy worm?  
Shall the frost tear ugly seams  
Where the sun's last radiance gleams?

Shall the silken hangings fade,  
In the banquet-room?—  
Spiders feast, no more afraid,—  
The horned bat wheel undismayed  
Through the heavy gloom?

Rather let the torch be thrust  
Where the wood will burn:  
Swiftly go, since go thou must,—  
Cheat the canker, moth, and rust!

WALTER STORRS BIGELOW.

## Hawthorne-Holinshed

READERS of *The Critic* may remember that The Lounger alluded some time ago to the mystery attaching to the name of Judith Holinshed; how Mr. Julian Hawthorne had told us to keep our eye on the lady, as she would be heard from before long. We at once pigeon-holed the name in our mind, and lo! it was not long before we heard that Judith Holinshed had taken the *Herald's* \$10,000 prize. We then wrote to Mr. Hawthorne, to know if Judith Holinshed was a real person whom he was patronizing into literary prominence, or merely the name he had taken to enter the lists. Here is his answer, which does much to prove the truth of the adage that "murder will out":—

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver—your Lounger says the kindest things in the nicest way, and I am very grateful. But let me tell you about Miss Holinshed. The family is in Hubbard's Narrative (1677), and in Felt's Annals; an ancestress was accused of witchcraft—seventeenth century hypnotism and clairvoyance, no doubt—but not hanged, happily; the men held to the sea; there is a tradition of a buccaner, of more than one Revolutionary privateer, and later they were East India merchants and captains. At the start of this century two brothers were one a "magnetic" physician, the other a dandy and rake, who fought a duel, and then reformed into an evangelist and made surprising conversions. Then the tribe became obscure, but remained wealthy, and Judith, with no brothers or sisters, was an heiress. All her strange ancestry was packed into her nature. At fourteen she dressed as a boy and ran away to sea, and was only caught in San Francisco. Then a rage for learning seized her, and she went through the curriculum. I never met a woman whose education was so thorough, and at the same time receded into such queer nooks and corners. She inclined to medicine as a career, but her mystical bias was strong; at twenty she abruptly married a professor of philology, Chrusios, a Levantine Greek, a handsome fellow, who looked like a Hindu rajah, and was over twice her age. They went to Paris, it is supposed, but no one knows what did happen the next few years. In 1893 I first saw her in the Boston office of a classmate of mine, Clem Fay, a lawyer, and some distant relative of hers, I think. She was acting as his private secretary. Her husband and her money had both disappeared. I surmise that her experience may have been to the last degree interesting, and I cling to the belief that she killed Chrusios in a duel with small-swords, in the use whereof she was an expert; but I really know nothing about it, save by long inferences. She was personally fascinating; you never could look at her or listen to her enough. Grave, dark, handsome, high cheek bones, contralto voice; but in her eyes there was, by turns, humor and the devil. There was a red streak in the grey iris. She was built like our gold Diana, and was not too tall.

"She had never written anything but articles for scientific and psychological magazines. But imagination radiated from her every pore, and I started her on poetry and fiction. She was only twenty-six or twenty-seven. She didn't do anything worth while at first. She had the awk-

wardness of being new to it; what she produced was fathoms below her real plane. I read it all, and she burned it at my suggestion. But that she had it in her, and that it would presently come out, I never had the least doubt. Some of her failures reminded me of Emily Dickinson, if you can fancy knowledge of the world added to Emily's genius. Her throat was delicate, and she came down here about the time we did. When the *Herald* offer appeared I urged her to go in for it. But she put it off. At last, only three weeks before the day it would have to be posted, she got an idea, and sat down and wrote. Her book was done on the morning of June 9, and left by the steamer next morning. She laughed about it, and said she'd never get back the three shillings postage it cost. I had read some of it, and secretly thought it would win. She wanted to call it "Murgatroyd's Majority," but I said she had better take some plain sensational title, like "Between Two Fires," which she did. I am now sorry for the change; her title was the better.

"Well, her story took the prize. Think what a beginning for a girl in literature! The \$10,000 was nothing, but she had beaten the field. She had an advertisement such as no new writer ever yet had, and she could count on having all the work she wanted at her own figures. There was never anything like it. The only person to whom the authorship was confided was J. M. Stoddard of *The Transatlantic*. When the award had been made by the judges, Reick sent for him. Judith, who had gone over, went up with him. There was some question about a photograph . . . Will you believe that that girl was murdered in cold blood in the *Herald* office that night—Thanksgiving night,—and that the City Editor, his hands Reicking with her gore, dragged her still palpitating body to the oubliette under his study table and shot it down into the composing-room, where it was set up and pigeon-holed? And then, to hide the crime, they brought me in as author of the story! I really feel a hesitation about taking the money. Still, if I didn't, what would become of it? After all, too, I did suggest that she should write the book, and if she could speak, poor child, I doubt not she would say, 'Collar it, Old Man!' So I shall appropriate it, and put it to some charitable use. No one will ever know—for I am sure I can depend on your discretion.

"I thought I owed you this explanation, because you had enjoyed the rare privilege of declining some of Judith's minor trifles, and might think it queer you never heard from her again.

"GORDONTOWN, JAMAICA, 22 Dec. 1895. JULIAN HAWTHORNE."

## The Lounger

THE DONORS of the Heine Memorial Fountain are greatly mistaken when they declare that it has been rejected by the city because Heine was an advocate of religious liberty, and a Jew. Nothing could be more absurd. The Fountain was rejected simply because it was bad as a work of art. We have too many feeble pieces of sculpture in our parks already, and we don't want to add to the number. The Municipal Art Society and the Sculpture Society are trying to do a little missionary work in this matter. If the societies had existed at the time when the statue of the late S. S. Cox was made, I doubt if that abomination would have been erected. It is to protect the city against such terrible things as that is, that these two societies were organized. No personal feelings enter into the matter; the only question is one of art. Had the Heine Memorial been a work of art, it would have made no difference how liberal were the poet's religious opinions, or how many times he was a Jew. But it is not; and therefore we do not want it, and the sooner the "Northside Germans" understand this, the better it will be for their peace of mind—and for ours, too, for that matter.

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IN A HEARING before the Aldermen last Saturday, the Secretary of the Sculpture Society, Mr. Ruckstuhl, indignantly denied the charge of nativism that had been made against the Society. He said that of the total membership of 225 in the Society, 44 were sculptors, and they represented seven or eight nationalities. Seven are Germans. Mr. Ruckstuhl made this excellent suggestion:—"If the members of the Heine Monument Committee really desire to honor Heine as the friend of human liberty, why do they not take their thirty-thousand-dollar fund, offer twenty-five thousand dollars to the successful sculptor in a competition for a design, and divide five thousand dollars among the unsuccessful competitors? By so doing they would get a fountain worthy of them, worthy of Heine, and an ornament to the city."

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M. ANATOLE FRANCE, who has just been elected to the *fauteuil* of the Académie Française coveted by M. Zola (who will probably covet them all in succession, if he lives long enough), deserves to be better known than he really is in this country. Of course, we all have admired the delicious *esprit* of "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard," but he has done more serious work—if that adjective can be applied to probably the most brilliant living representative of

\* Apropos of the annual meeting of the New England Cremation Society, Boston, Jan. 28.

Gallic wit. Notwithstanding his many accomplishments and great knowledge, M. France is not of those who believe "que c'est arrivé": he will pardon the slang, I am sure, on account of its potent expressiveness. He is rather a laughing philosopher with a touch of the cynic and a large tolerance for naughtiness, if it be wittily told. His style is admirable always, and his verse certainly good enough to give him an indisputable right to the title of poet.

\* \* \*

JACQUES-ANATOLE-THIBAUT FRANCE was born in Paris, 16 April 1844—one of the comparatively very few men prominent in the literary and artistic life of the city who were born within its walls. The list of his works includes annotated editions of La Fontaine's fables, Lesage's "Gil Blas," Molière's works, and "Paul et Virginie," all of which I recommend to students of French literature. Then come, besides "Sylvestre Bonnard," "Balthazar," "L'Étui de Nacre," "Jocaste et le Chat Maigre," "Le Livre de Mon Ami," "Les Opinions de M. Jérôme Coignard," "La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque," "Thaïs" and four volumes of studies of "La Vie Littéraire." I have not yet read his latest book, "Le Lys Rouge," in which he has made a new departure, entering the field of Marcel Prévost, Paul Hervieu, and, to some extent, of Paul Bourget. M. Alphonse Daudet having declared himself to be *hors concours*, the Academy could have made no more fitting choice.

\* \* \*

MR. STEDMAN is a good citizen, as well as a poet and critic. Besides being a member of a Good Government Club, he is Second Vice-President of the West End Protective League. I see that he has just bought some three acres of land and a house in course of construction at Bronxville, N. Y. I hope this does not mean the abandonment of his New York City home.

\* \* \*

WHEN I READ the title "One Woman's Story" in the February number of *The Cosmopolitan*, and saw Mrs. Margaret Deland's name as its author, I wondered how she, who is always strong in her titles, could have so named it. I was therefore not surprised when I learned that she had not given the story that name. "The Law or the Gospel" was Mrs. Deland's title, and it is as strong as the other is weak and silly. No proof was submitted to Mrs. Deland, and she probably has no redress for this peculiar "editing"; but she would like the public to know that she is not responsible for the title that appears in *The Cosmopolitan*.

\* \* \*

THE RUMOR that Eleanore Duse is writing a novel, to be translated by Miss Laurence Alma Tadema, is unfounded.

\* \* \*

MR. A. PAGE BROWN, who died a few days ago in San Francisco, was one of the best of our young architects. He graduated from the office of Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, and from the time he set up in business for himself until the day of his death, his work never lacked practical appreciation. While his determination to make San Francisco his home was a loss to this city, it was a gain to the entire state of California, for he at once made his mark on its architecture. He was the architect of the California Building at the World's Fair, and of the Liberal Arts Building at the Mid-Winter Fair in California. What the late Mrs. Helen Jackson was to the literature of the old missions, Mr. Brown was to their architecture, for he had the good taste to develop the old missions architecture, which is so suited to the scenery and climate of California.

\* \* \*

MRS. MADELEINE YALE WYNNE, the author of "The Little Room, and Other Stories," is the daughter of the inventor of the Yale lock. As a Yale lock is always accompanied by a Yale key, I wish that Mrs. Wynne would use one to unlock the mystery of "The Little Room."

### London Letter

HISTORY CONTINUES her course of repetition, in little things no less than in great. When threatened by a common enemy, men draw together for mutual protection—they form a social contract, or what you will; they are unanimous in defence. The danger passes, the cloud blows over, the reaction follows. Man, however gregarious, is by nature a fighter, and if a body of men are faced by no common enemy, they must be stirring up strife among

themselves. We see it every year in the evolution of political history: we have seen it this week in the peaceful congregations of literary men. The topic of the hour is certainly the internal schism of the Incorporated Society of Authors, and the story of its dissension is upon the old, familiar lines. The Society was founded to supply an urgent need, for purposes of combination against a common enemy. Ten or twelve years ago, the bogus publisher was a reality: the Society crushed him, and to-day he is a myth. Consequently the most insistent need for its activity is in abeyance. The need is not removed, for, as long as the Society continues to watch the interests of authors, like an armament upon a hill, its presence is a safeguard; and it is scarcely to be doubted that, directly it relaxed its vigilance, the bogus publisher would creep out from his burrow again. But it is absurd to pretend that the market is alive with dishonesty nowadays: there probably never was a time when the author had so large a share of shillings and pence as he has to-day. The only question is—but that question has already been discussed!

Well, the Society is freed of its most strenuous activity, and consequently it must be fighting at home. An excuse was furnished by the address sent to the authors of America by some of the authors of England, and sent in the name of the Incorporated Society. This address was forwarded to all the members of the Society to sign, if they would; and a great many, no doubt, thought the language inflated and the occasion inadequate. They put the paper behind the fire, and expected to hear no more of it. Other dissentients were less amicable. The complaint they bring against the initiators is this. They say that the appeal was the work exclusively of two distinguished members of the Council, that the draft was never submitted to the Committee at all, that the Society was never consulted as to whether it wished to issue an appeal, and that its name has been used without warrant. Consequently, they propose a reorganization of the Council on more representative lines, and demand that ordinary members of the Society shall have a clearer voice in the administration of its affairs.

In other words, it is clear that the Society, fostered upon peace and plenitude, has grown somewhat unwieldy. It has done so much for the individual and insignificant author, that the units are separating themselves from the mass, and the whole fabric is moving like an ant-hill. Much too little is known as yet about the facts of the case to enable one to form an opinion of the justice of the complaint; but it is at least indisputable that, if a document is issued in the name of a Society, that Society should be consulted upon its issue. It is also true that authors pay the small annual subscription on the understanding that it will be employed in the protection of their rights; and it is difficult to see what possible use was served by the promulgation of the somewhat flamboyant appeal to America. Probably not more than one-fourth of the members ever seeks legal advice or interference from the Society in return for its subscription. The rest are glad to be members, if by being so they are able to benefit those of their brethren who have the witlessness or the bad luck to encounter dishonesty among publishers. The aims of the Society stop short there; if its field is to be widened, the enlargement should be effected by general assent. Meanwhile, it is a pity to quarrel.

Once more: after the enthusiasm, the reaction. Only last week we found the dramatic critics eloquent upon the new union of church and stage; six days later, they are tired of the novelty. Or, rather, they have been shown, in a flash, the obvious limit of the movement. The homiletic drama has reached its reduction to absurdity; and not one of the eulogists of "The Sign of the Cross" has a good word for "Michael and His Lost Angel." Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has at last an opportunity for a sermon in five acts. "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Silence of Dean Maitland" are rendered in the familiar turgid eloquence of "Judah"; and the Lyceum management has added an army of acolytes and thurifers, and all things needful in the guise of chasuble and cope. The result, as might be expected, is unrelieved tedium. Mr. Forbes Robertson is really very unfortunate.

Mr. Zangwill has already made one appearance as a playwright; he will shortly, I understand, make another, and that more ambitious. His new play is finished, and had, indeed, been accepted by Mr. Arthur Boucher. But report says that Mr. Zangwill is very chary of another's blue pencil, and that, upon Mr. Boucher's suggesting certain elisions and corrections, the dramatist withdrew the play. It will probably be seen elsewhere, however, with all its perfections upon its head!

Mr. Alfred Austin has had a cruelly bad week. The publication of his unluckily hasty and ill-judged copy of verses upon "Jame-



son's Ride" has been followed by a croaking chorus of reviewers. Not a paper but has published its parody; and I see that one scribe cheerfully suggests that the Poet Laureate, no less than "Dr. Jim," shall be tried for treason, since he has sung the glories of disobedience to the Queen's command! The verses are being recited at the Alhambra every evening by Mr. E. H. Vanderfelt, and seem to please a section of the gallery. As poetry, it is true, they could scarce be worse; and those who wished well to Mr. Austin on his appointment to an invidious post, will regret the haste in which he threw off one of the worst utterances that ever proceeded from the Laureate's chair. At the same time, it is in the worst possible taste, and is, moreover, radically unjust, to quote, at this time of day, the strictures which Mr. Austin passed on Tennyson twenty-five years ago. From day to day papers, which have only just discovered the existence of "Poetry of the Period," have pilloried Mr. Austin in his own criticism; and this is not fair play. Mr. Austin has himself expressed his regret for his early mistake, has since that time said just and respectful things of Tennyson, and has clearly, as far as he was able, modelled his own music upon that of the greater Alfred. If every man's earlier errors were brought against him in his maturity, who should escape whipping?

LONDON, 18 Jan. 1896.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

### The Drama "A Woman's Reason"

AS A PLAY, this three-act comedy by Charles Brookfield and F. C. Phillips, which has succeeded Mr. Jones's unlucky "Michael and his Lost Angel" at the Empire Theatre, requires but scant consideration, inasmuch as it is founded upon an altogether insufficient motive and is constructed in loose and unworkmanlike fashion. But it is entitled to more respect as a piece of vigorous social satire, although a good deal of its point is taken off by the exaggeration which everywhere prevails in it. In its outline the story closely resembles that of "Frou-Frou." A pair of fashionable bankrupts, titled, proud, mean, selfish, unscrupulous and contemptible, practically compel their daughter to marry a rich young Hebrew, for whom she entertains something like a positive aversion. This is not diminished after six years of married life, and, after a fierce quarrel with her sister-in-law, she leaves her home in company with an army officer, an old friend and former lover. She soon discovers her mistake, abandons her paramour and retires to a country village, where she attempts to atone for her sin by repentance and good works. In her retreat she is sought first by the lover, whom she rejects with scorn and loathing, and then by the husband. The men meet and a strong and original scene occurs between them, the husband insisting that the seducer shall offer the reparation of marriage to his victim. The woman refuses absolutely and proclaims the birth in her heart of a new and pure affection for the husband whom she has wronged, and the latter, true to his principles of forgiveness, receives her back again as wife.

There is nothing unreasonable in this scheme. It is in its elaboration that the authors have failed. In the first place, the heroine forfeits all right to sympathy by her own weakness and folly. Her provocation is ridiculously inadequate to her offence, and it is difficult to regard her free pardon by her husband in any other light than that of a rather dangerous experiment. The husband himself is such a paragon of generosity and magnanimity as is seldom met with in actual life, and all the other characters are sketched in a spirit of similar extravagance. The penniless Lord Bletchley and his wife, ready to sacrifice anything or everything for the sake of appearances, are not wholly unreal, but are made to appear so by lack of proper proportion, while the Rev. Mr. Pretious and his horse-racing daughter are manifest impossibilities, although in them, too, there is a germ of truth. The one really convincing personage is the selfish profligate, Capt. Crozier. Whether the prospects of the piece are improved by the appeal which it apparently is intended to make to race and religious prejudice is extremely doubtful. Certainly, there is nothing dramatic in the harangues in which the various characters occasionally indulge. Two or three scenes are theatrically effective, and the dialogue abounds in bright lines and sharp satire upon prevailing social hypocrisies. These were received with hearty appreciation. The actors acquitted themselves fairly well, but, evidently, were not altogether at ease. Miss Viola Allen, as the heroine, was too violent both in voice and action, Miss Elsie de Wolfe setting her a good example of moderation and being much more effective. Mr. Dodson played the pharisaic curate with

great humor and skill, but the part will offend many prejudices. One of the best performances was the Captain Crozier of Edgar L. Davenport, who appears to have inherited some measure of his father's great ability. The stage-management, of course, was careful and liberal, and the general representation passed off very smoothly.

### "The Countess Guickl"

THIS IS an uncommonly bright and entertaining little three-act comedy, written by von Schönthan for Miss Ada Rehan, and produced, with marked success, at Daly's Theatre on Tuesday evening. It is scarcely substantial enough for serious criticism, but is none the less commendable for its ingenious construction, harmless gayety, occasional touches of pretty sentiment, and the admirable opportunities which it offers for the display of some of Miss Rehan's best qualities. The scene is laid in Carlsbad, in the year 1819, and the action deals with the adventures of a dashing young Russian cavalryman, who woos and wins a beautiful widow in bold and military fashion. In encounters of wit and readiness of device she is more than his match, and defends herself with gallantry and spirit; but his ardor vanquishes all opposition and, her heart proving traitor, she finally surrenders willingly enough. Most of the episodes of this amatory engagement are of a perfectly familiar character, but they are presented in a fresh and lively manner, are neatly arranged, and follow each other with sufficient rapidity to prevent anything like a flagging of interest. Miss Rehan, of course, is the widow, and plays the part with exactly the right admixture of coquetry, tantalization and honest womanly feeling. Her sentiment is unaffected and her gayety unforced and infectious. In the one serious scene, in which her lover's uncle, an old admirer, renews his almost forgotten suit, she plays with admirable sincerity, delicacy and tact. The situation has a touch of genuine pathos in it, and she treats it skillfully and tastefully.

Throughout the performance she is supported exceedingly well by Mr. Charles Richman, who is likely to prove a most valuable addition to the company. He is not in the least like a Russian, but that is not a matter of much importance. His style lacks finish, but it is uncommonly virile, frank and buoyant. In this particular part he is by far the best leading man Mr. Daly has had since the days of Mr. John Drew. Mr. Lewis, too, has a most congenial character as a consequential, fussy, fossilized and hen-pecked Court Counsellor; and Mrs. Gilbert is entirely in her element as his very much better half. Mr. Edwin Stevens furnishes a clever and neatly finished sketch of the elderly Russian General, who still cherishes the memory of his one great passion, and magnanimously suppresses it for his nephew's benefit; and Mr. Sidney Herbert and Miss Nelson play the parts of two juvenile lovers very well. The cast, indeed, is an excellent one in every respect. The general representation might be quickened at one or two points with advantage, but, as a whole, it is eminently satisfactory, and, as has been said, it was received with every sign of favor.

### Notes

*The Century* has arranged with Gen. Horace Porter for the publication of his personal reminiscences of Gen. Grant during the war, as his staff officer and intimate friend. Gen. Porter made notes of important conversations bearing on military acts, and of the recollections and anecdotes which, contrary to his reputation as a silent man, were characteristic of Grant's moments of relaxation. He has been engaged on the work for several years, and it is now nearly a year since the serial and book rights were secured by *The Century Co.* The author's terse and anecdotal style is well-known through his public speaking. His papers will be elaborately illustrated with portraits, reproductions of famous pictures, and new and original drawings.

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